

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.  
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY AND NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1856.

YEAR XLII—WHOLE NUMBER, 628.  
AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

## The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1856.

### Northern Central Railway.

A general meeting of the stockholders of this [formerly the Susquehanna] Company, was held in Baltimore, 12th inst., for the election of Officers and the transaction of other items of business. Among these, were the consideration of an act supplemental to the charter of the Company, passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, at its present session, which authorizes the Company to dispose of its bonds for less than par, and also to make special contracts for the use of their machinery and cars on the line of other roads with which they connect, and to make special contracts with other companies for transportation, and with manufacturers on their line and on the line of roads with which they connect for the transportation of coal, stone, lime, iron ore, and lumber. On motion, the supplement was unanimously accepted. The advanced toll-rates adopted by the Directors, were approved.

It was also announced that a Committee had consummated a contract with capitalists of New York, interested in the Trevorton Coal & Railroad Company, for the transportation of their coals from that Company's large estate at Canton, on most advantageous terms to the Company, and that in consideration of this arrangement these parties had advanced money sufficient to build that section of the road between Trevorton Bridge and Millersburg. By this, there remains only money to be raised to build the upper section, less than ten miles, which will complete the road (with the exception of the Bridge over the Susquehanna) from Harrisburg to Sunbury.

The following were elected Directors for the ensuing year: W. E. Mayhew, Zenas Barium, Lloyd N. Rogers, William F. Packer, R. M. Magraw, W. H. Keighler, John Herr, Eli Lewis, Simon Cameron, Francis White, W. H. Bruce.

The Garrisonian Abolitionists have called a mass convention at Syracuse, on the 28th of May next, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. This movement will relieve the Republican party of the odium—both real and false—which attaches to the ultra Abolitionists. The Republicans are in favor of the Union, of the Constitution, of the Bible, of the Christian church; they believe these all, in their true spirit and design, are hostile to Slavery; and they desire to absolve themselves from all responsibility of that evil, as fast and as far as they can.

JOHN TYLER has written to a gentleman in Texas a letter in which he takes all the credit of having annexed Texas to the Union. "My successor did nothing but confirm what I had done. Nor is that all. Texas drew after it California, so that I may claim that, in regard to the whole subject, Mr. Polk was but administrator *de bonis non*." As Slavery pardons Arnold Douglas for his traitorous Liberty, and tolerates him as a Democratic candidate for President, so Arnold Tyler justly thinks he has older claims on the same score. John may be aspiring to the Cincinnati nomination—who knows?

The Philad. Sun publishes an advertisement—and a number of Democratic papers as reading matter—Col. Forney's Plea for Buchanan, which, through eight or ten columns, nowhere finds room for the fact that, until the era of Jacksonism, Buchanan was an open, able, and ardent opposer of Democracy.

The Harrisburg Telegraph has one page covered by a scathing review of the Presidential pretensions of Messrs. Pierce, Douglas, and Buchanan—Buchanan particularly.

"FREE TRADE AND SAILOR'S RIGHTS," was the rallying cry of America in 1812. America would not permit England to board and overhaul our vessels in search of her "subjects." But Virginia has undertaken to do what England dare not—she has passed a law requiring all vessels leaving her ports to be "searched" for "servants." How much trouble this law—a fresh proof of the injustice, insolence, and arbitrariness of the Slaveocracy—will occasion, the future only can reveal.

The Common School Journal for April, has a long communication from Ex-Gov. RITNER, expressive of his continued interest in the Common Schools, of which he is a Director and a frequent visitor. The Superintendent he says is useful and popular in his vicinity. The article evinces remarkable vigor and discrimination, for a man of his years and advantages. There have been few "better abused" men than honest Jo. Ritner.

ANOTHER TEXAS!—It is asserted by intelligent men, that a large share of the troubles in Mexico are instigated by slaveholding emissaries. They design to detach from Mexico some of the States bordering on Texas—and in making them independent—they introduce Slavery, and "re-annex" them to the U. S., in order to give Slavery more power in our nation. This was the way that Texas No. 1 was won—see how No. 2 will go.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Communicated for the Lewisburg Chronicle.

### Influences of Association.

There is nothing in which the power of memory is so strongly evinced, as in music, "wedded to immortal verse." From the time when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," until the present hour, melody and song have been potent agents in influencing man to deeds of virtue, as well as to degrade and brutalize his nature. There is the gentle, the soothing, the melting, the persuasive air, which tranquilizes, which convinces, which charms, which leads us; then there is the enrapturing, the stirring, the maddening note, which arouses us to deeds of activity, of high-toned honor, and of dauntlessness. Words become so allied to music, that they can never be separated; the music will recall the words, the words will recall the music. "Marselles Hymn," although set to the most gentle and peace-breathing words, the language could furnish, can never be taught to the Frenchman but a clarion blast to arise and battle for liberty and for glory. "Yankee Doodle" will always have a droll twang, even when sung to a *Temporale* hymn by a conventicle of demure deacons.

"When methought on the sabbath plain," sung in "Bonnie Doom," has a plaintive effect, foreign to the nature of the poetry. "Old Dan Tucker" is "Old Dan Tucker," the world over, and "too late" for any other fate.

There is, in very deed, an awful power in association! and although some wise-acre has said, "he did not know why the Devil should have all the good tunes," yet there is, upon careful thought, a manifest propensity in "giving the Devil his due" of music as well as all other effects. Arts and words—however good they may be— which have been his by usage from time immemorial, and which are "sacred to his memory," should be yielded up "to his exclusive use and behoof for ever." On the contrary, those airs and poetical articles, which, by the same process, have become dedicated to moral and religious uses, should be consecrated to such purposes, and not perverted by trifling and everyday and everywhere and constant and irrelevant use. On this account, scripture quotations, parables, and many other pleasant inducements in by well meaning men, are often injurious in their influences, and do violence to sacred and useful associations.

John Quincy Adams, to his latest day, used that simple form of prayer at evening, taught him by his mother, commencing,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

The very act renewed all his reverence for the example and precepts of that excellent woman, to whom he owed his mental training as well as his existence. The influence of that prayer, repeated day by day, and acting through "the old man eloquent" upon the world, who can tell?

The venerated preacher of the Gospel, who "would not use a fiddle, because it always inclined him to dance, and renewed follies he would like to forget," was a good judge of human nature, and of the law of association.

Recently, I was an unwilling participant in a most incongruous mingling of the sacred and the secular, (not to say profane)—where the serious associations of a church-house of worship were rudely jarred by the introduction of theatrical and ball-room airs. I know that in our Savior's day the holy Temple itself had become a market house and exchange place, but He drove out those who were thus employed, evidently teaching that places dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, should have all its uses to accord with and not do violence to that design. Buying and selling were in themselves not unlawful, but they were scandalous sins when transacted in that place. In our day, much care and expense are incurred in erecting houses where Jehovah is to be worshiped, and to "beautify the place of His sanctuary." In those houses, Sabbath by Sabbath, we hear proclaimed the necessity of being regenerated in the temper and spirit of our souls—of being dead to the flesh—and of non-conformity to the fashions and the amusements of the world. But, on the occasion referred to, the music was not harmonious with the place. In my view, it would nullify the good effect of half a dozen ordinary sermons. It re-vivified other and not better days, and places where anything but the Bible was taught. I could say for myself and companions, that involuntarily, "Our Sunders kept time and our toes kept time."

Nothing seemed to be surer than that a dance was maturing all over the house. And, indeed, would it have been any more a sin to have had that congregation taken a few turns in dancing in that house of worship, than for them to be invited and persuaded so to do by music which had that direct and positive influence? Is it proper to tantalize sinners like us, by saying in effect, you shall not have our church for a ball-room, but we will pour upon your ears the very airs which are commonly used to incite the feet to active exercise in measured steps? "Lead us not into temptation," we are taught to pray; and if we so pray, shall we nullify our own prayers

and insult holy Heaven by exciting ourselves or others to the commission of acts which are deemed sinful and pernicious?

We never hear a spiritual song or sacred melody, in any of Satan's numerous churches, except by way of derision; and even there, it has an effect, upon those not utterly hardened, often opposite to the intention. Even so, in the house of God, should all the songs and music of Satan—everything which savors of him, and by association recommends him—be banished. Permit not the Savior to say of the places professedly dedicated to spiritual worship, "My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Let the humble prayer of praise therein never be drowned by the winning but vain notes of the Tempter. Let the reflection, that God dwells peculiarly in his holy temple, be deepened from year to year, and not be rudely broken by having it filled with the foolish and the pernicious influence of the ball-room and the theatre. In a word, let all the ASSOCIATIONS of the place be harmonious, and becoming its professed and real purpose.

"Look not upon the Wine when it is Red."

BY MISS M. A. HILTON.

Oh, Woman! permit me and fair,  
With thy soft, rosy radiant eye,  
"Look not upon the wine cup red,"  
Pass it untroubled by;  
Oh, seal not with those pure lips  
Whence words of Love should flow,  
Give not thy sanction, word or sign,  
To guilt, despair, and woe!

Art thou a Mother! look around  
Upon the household pearls,  
On the fair brows of noble boys,  
And gentle-hearted girls,  
Think what their fate, if one, perchance,  
With winning grace like thine,  
Should press to their unsuited lips  
The poison draught of wine.

Art thou a Wife! chaste guardian  
Of him, the family treasure,  
The husband of thy youth!  
Place not the bright temptation near,  
If place thou wouldst retain—  
The household hearth, by wine defiled,  
Hope's torch lights not again!

Art thou a Maiden! gentle, young,  
With soft, beseeching eye,  
Entreat thy heart's elected one  
"To pass the wine cup by;  
With firm and steady, outstretched hand  
Dear the sparkling bowl,  
Keep Reason's impress on his brow,  
Its light within his soul.

Oh, Sister! Friend! lift up thy voice  
To save from future woes;  
Let your sweet voice avoidance win  
Of the red wine that flows—  
The dark, red wine, whose blighting stain  
Defaces Manhood's worth,  
And streaks with household shivered wrecks  
The fairest scene of earth.

Oh, Mother! Daughter! Sister! Wife!  
Oh, Woman! 'tis the call!  
Clasped to Life's stern battle strife,  
Here let your influence fall;  
In pity for the broken heart,  
For Reason's shattered shrine,  
Let up your gentle, pleading voice,  
"Beware the flowing wine!"

ABRANT, Feb. 11, 1856. [Prohibitionist.]

### A MARTYR FOR LIBERTY.

The murder of Brown, in Kansas, will be remembered as one of the bloodiest outrages yet committed during the struggle in that Territory. Brown was from Brownsville, Cass county, Mich. The following letter, from his bereaved wife, has been published in a Michigan paper:

LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T., Jan. 25, 1856.  
MY DEAR FATHER: I never expected to be called to write to you under so great affliction. My dear husband has been very active in the cause of Liberty, ever since we came into the Territory. His bold and manly course, won the respect and confidence of the friends of a Free State, and he was elected a Member of the Legislature. On the other hand, the hatred of the Pro-Slavery party was very strong against him. He was engaged in the defense of the City of Lawrence during the war in that region. He, also, with two or three others, rushed into the midst of a mob and rescued a Free State man they were cruelly beating. On the 17th inst., he, with several others, went two miles to attend an election; an armed mob thought to break up the election, but were repulsed. The next day my husband and his friends were coming home, when they were met by a large band of armed men, who stopped them and made them prisoners. They were all carried back to the place of election, and there the others were let go, but they determined to kill him—and then some of them fell upon him with a hatchet, and thus in cold blood murdered him. One blow struck on the eyebrow, and another inflicted a deep wound in his left temple. They then put him in a wagon, and brought him home in the night. By this time he was in a dying state—he was not able to tell us much about his cruel treatment. He said they beat him like a dog. He said: "I am not afraid to die; if I have done wrong in any way, I hope God will forgive me; I die in a good cause; I am sorry to part with you and our little child, but I want you to meet me in Heaven!" He breathed his last the same night, and on the next Sabbath was buried. One of the Members of the Legislature has told me that he intends to have that body pass a bill to erect a monument over his grave as a *Martyr for Liberty*. As soon as Winter breaks, and I can settle my business, I intend to start for home. I am not in want by way of necessities of life. I am living with Mrs. McCreas, whose husband has been obliged to leave the country for life. She will go with me as far as Chicago. I am your affectionate daughter,  
MARTHA A. BROWN.

The President can issue proclamations declaring his intention to use the whole power of government to enforce the tyrannical edicts of the Bogus Legislature of Kansas. Thirty thousand dollars of the money of the United States was lately ex-

pendent to return three fugitive slaves from Cincinnati. But the President has no directions to issue in relation to the arrest of the worse than savages who committed the above brutal murder, with several others of like notoriety—nor has any money been expended for the preservation of the lives of innocent men in Kansas. And yet the convention of the party in this State, at Harrisburg, fully endorsed the President! and the rank and file are expected to submit!

What say you, men of Pennsylvania! Will you rebuke the authors of these outrages, or will you tamely submit?

### Long Boots for Ladies.

Some of the eastern papers tell us that long boots for ladies are becoming the fashion. That is right. Fashion for once is in accord with common sense, particularly if we are ever to have another winter like the last. A neat boot is handsomer than any shoe, and much more preservative of health, in cold or wet weather. They can be made neatly and ornamented, and then the next fashion is to be shorter skirts and dresses. The empress Eugenie, it is said, will come out in such a dress as soon as she "is able to get about," and then the fair daughters of America must do it. Not a Bloucrante dress is meant, but merely a dress that will not drag on the ground, and catch up all the dust and mud within its reach. A decided improvement that, and we hope it will be adopted at once, particularly the boots, with good substantial soles. They will be "life preservers" undoubtedly.

### Creditable.

The Colored people of Washington City number 10,000, a large majority of whom are Free. They own eleven houses of worship, valued at \$10,000, or \$1 for each person. (The Whites, numbering 40,000, have houses of worship valued at \$225,000, or \$5 each.) Ten of the colored churches pay their pastors an average salary of \$650 each, above all extras. They have 1,000 children in Sabbath schools. Altogether, considering their many disabilities, they are proving themselves thrifty, good citizens.

Senator McCLINTOCK, of Pittsburg, Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings, has given a detailed history of their erection and the expenditures upon them, in an elaborate and praise-worthy report to the Legislature. He also notices the further improvements to adapt them to public utility, authorized to be constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Mullen, the keeper of the grounds.

NASHUA, April 15.—This afternoon, a carriage, containing the Rev. Mr. Jewett and family, came in collision with a train upon the railroad, and all the persons in the carriage were terribly injured, one so much so that he died this evening. Mr. Jewett is not expected to recover.

Miss Elizabeth Campbell last week, at Albany, sued A. Lagrange for seduction and breach of promise of marriage, and laid her damages at \$10,000. The plaintiff is described as being quite young, modest, and of prepossessing appearance. The jury awarded her \$9,000.

Silas Seymour, American State Engineer of New York, has written a letter in which he repudiates the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson.

### THE FARM—The Garden—The Orchard.

[For the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

SIMPLE REMEDY.—Numbers of people on the West Branch as well as elsewhere, have had their Apple and other fruit trees injured if not ruined the past winter, by field mice gnawing their bark, completely girdling them in many instances. This evil was doubtless greater the past season, in consequence of the depth of the snow, and its long continuance; but the same danger is experienced every winter. It may easily be prevented by treading hardily around the roots of the trees—packing the snow so close as to keep out the sharp teeth of the mice, and repeating the pressure after every snow-fall.

We make the following extract, on the condition and prospects of the agricultural community, from the Commercial article of the New York Independent for last week. We only fear that it is somewhat too strong as to the enthusiasm for farming which prevails in many parts of the country. But it doubtless indicates a happy change in that respect, which is taking place in the more advanced sections, and which we have reason to hope may become general, until the oldest and most important of all human occupations deserves and receives the respect which is theoretically its due. To complete the proper view of the subject, we add some less eulogistic truth from another article in the agricultural column of the same paper, on "Care and Study in Farming."

The agricultural department of the Independent, which has just been introduced, breathes the same life and energy, which, in its general conduct, have raised that paper to the first rank among the religious journals of the land. We are much mis-

taken, if we do not recognize in this branch of it, the hand of Rev. H. W. Beecher, who edited an Agricultural Periodical in the West, with signal ability, and whose conversation and library show an interest in the subject, which would love to break out again at the point of the pen.—*Ed. Ch.*

### Commercial and Financial.

The enormous prices obtained for produce the past two years, by turning the attention of thousands to agricultural pursuits, has had a tendency to lay deeper and broader the foundations of our national prosperity. Our farmers are now more independent than any other class. They have made money rapidly, and have been liberal in making improvements, to prepare the way for a still more prosperous future. To till the soil is now regarded honorable by the high and low, the rich and the poor, since that calling, equally with any other, of late, is regarded a highway to position and independence. A great change has been wrought. As a nation, until within a year or two past, we have been growing more and more disinclined to engage in agricultural pursuits. Trade and commerce have hitherto absorbed the most promising and talented in town and village, all over the country. Wealth, it has been thought, could only be obtained in our great commercial centers. The war troubles of Europe, which have produced an extraordinary demand for bread, have checked this tendency to overcrowd our cities, and have had an influence upon us, morally and politically, which hardly can be estimated. The high prices which have so long ruled for provisions have stimulated our farmers to greater efforts than ever before. Their sons are not, as formerly, willingly released, or tempted away to other professions. If the old farm is too narrow a field for their united efforts, as is usual, they are encouraged to go, not to the city, but to the West—to Kansas, Minnesota, or any other far distant locality. New York is not now, as hitherto, overrun with young men. Those of the right stamp are scarce—a fact well known in commercial circles. This sudden change is as healthful as unexpected, and will inevitably result in greatly increasing our strength and power as a nation. The current of immigration is not setting to the city, as formerly, but to the country. This is as it should be. The West no longer looks to Ireland or Germany for the largest proportion of her population, but to the Middle States and to New England. Probably not less than a quarter of a million will emigrate the present year to our frontier States and Territories. Never was there such excitement on the subject before. It pervades all classes, in every city, town, and village. Students in colleges, professional men, business men, the most talented in all quarters, are taking possession of the soil, as a surer foundation for permanent prosperity than can be found in any other vocation. What a glorious spectacle, and how promising for the future! Let it be praised and encouraged, as the surest policy to promote our growth, strength, and high elevation.

Collections continue good from the interior, although we hear some complaints of the scarcity of money, in consequence of the fall of breadstuffs. The opening of inland navigation will soon revive the produce business, and have a tendency to make things easier. From the West an unprecedented amount of breadstuffs is to come forward. Those farmers who refused high prices in the fall, and are now crying over their folly, had better move rapidly this spring in making sales, or they will probably have occasion to submit to much lower figures. It is believed by many that the surplus of corn in the country would supply us the whole of the present year, (i. e., up to January next,) without harvesting another bushel. Prices, we think, must go much lower.

### Care and Study in Farming.

There is hardly an occupation among men, in which the extremes of careful and of careless management are more widely separated, than in the profession of Agriculture; and as a natural result, the labors of agriculturists meet with every grade of varying success, from failure to fortune.

The business of manufacturing and of trading is carried on with skill, care, and economy; for they who engage in it know that they must be shrewd and cautious, or they will fail and be ruined. The business of cultivating the soil, as a general rule and which admits of too few exceptions, is conducted in a manner so loosely, uneconomically, and even indolently, that Nature, which affords the materials of agriculture, though it is really richer than Art on which manufacturers chiefly rely, will not yield her fruits with so great abundance, or so rapid increase.

Agriculture summons more science to its aid than any other common pursuit. Its roots extend into almost every field of learning. It leaves a simultaneous tax upon chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany, meteorology, and upon all the arts and sciences that blend with these. It is therefore most successfully pursued only when diligently and deeply studied. Theoria of practice, without practice it-

self, are rife everywhere, and in almost every profession. But agriculture, as it is pursued by a majority of farmers, is a practice without a theory. Yet nothing but great research into physical laws will develop its full capacities, which as yet are meagerly measured and understood. A man may plant corn in the spring, and in due season gather the crop into his barn, without having ever read a book, or even knowing the alphabet. Yet knowledge—and such knowledge as can be conveniently imparted only by books—is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the various influences of atmosphere, sunlight, rain and soil which operate to cause growth. Many things may be done ignorantly and yet successfully. The succession of the seasons—one of the sublimest operations of nature—is also one of the simplest to be understood; they never fail long of their promise to come, and everybody knows that he may expect something from them. Even the least will be much, but vastly more may always be received. Nature's treasures, which are as precious as fine, are also, like fine gold, hid in the earth; and if they would be found, they must be sought. The secret of successful sowing has been written in books, as the results of the fairest trials and the best experience. The farmer who can plow his corn-field without a manual of agriculture, may need a treatise on fructification to caution him against breaking off the tassel of the stalk and carrying it as a plaything.

Carefulness of cultivation will do much, but it will not compensate for want of information and intelligence. What then must be the results, in such a comprehensive occupation as the cultivation of the earth, of careless practice without knowledge?

The two great lacks in agriculture, as it is usually practiced, are *careless information, and carelessness*. But the most pressing and immediate deficiency is the latter, the remedy of which can not be too strongly enforced upon the attention of farmers and cultivators everywhere. Heedfulness may take a sure step towards success; negligence walks slipshod to poverty.

We publish some further statements, from the *Rural New Yorker*, on the results of "the One Potato Experiment." It will be seen that the product varies greatly, from one half bushel, upwards; but the account of the largest yield, (more than three bushels from one black Mercer,) are not able at this moment to lay our hands on.

To some persons, it may seem that such crops settle the question of whole or cut potatoes for seed, in favor of the latter. But this would be a hasty conclusion. Observe, that some of these potatoes were made to occupy 100 or more hills each, and then an important question remains, whether the same number of hills planted with moderate sized whole potatoes, would not have produced enough more to have made up for the difference in quantity of seed. If so, the cutting of this seed would be no gain. We are to look on these crops with reference to the ground on which, as well as the potato from which, they sprang. What is really shown by a single experiment of this kind, is that where it is necessary to economize seed, it will do, for a single season at least, to cut potatoes small, or plant even single eyes, or only sprouts.

We wish some of our enterprising farmers would undertake careful experiments, to ascertain the comparative advantage of whole and cut seed. We know that most of them have already so decided an opinion on one side or the other, that to them such a trial will seem superfluous. The very fact, however, that some are decided on both sides, proves that one or the other is mistaken. Nor will it suffice for either party to say that they have already made the experiment, because the other party says the same. Evidently, the experiments have not been accurate enough, or widely enough spread, or long enough continued, to settle the matter intelligibly for the public at large. It is, in truth, a hard thing, (though worth the effort,) to make a satisfactory experiment. The most that is proved by what is commonly called such is, that such and such a course did, under unascertained circumstances, succeed or fail to an uncertain degree. But we can not enlarge now on the necessary conditions of a conclusive experiment.—*Ed. Chron.*

### The One Potato Experiments.

On my one potato crop, I would report as follows: Soil sandy; subsoil clay; was plowed a foot deep. Eight hills occupied four feet space, and fourteen, three feet; and three small shovelfuls of the best fine soil manure thoroughly worked into the soil for each hill. Planted one row, five feet wide at the base, May 30th, one Rochester Red potato, containing 24 eyes, which was cut into 24 pieces and placed in the 22 hills, three inches deep. One month after, the soil was carefully broken half an inch deep with the back of a rake, to kill the weeds in the sun; one week after that the soil was thrown around the plants, covering the sets about four inches more. A few weeds were picked out during the summer, (the tops kept most of them out of sight, and no foot trampled around the plants.) On the 22d of Octo-

ber, two and one-half bushels of potatoes were taken up, and they weighed 156 lbs. 10 oz.—clean, dry, and handsome, without spot or blemish. The first eight hills (occupying four feet in the row) produced a bushel. The product of the best eye or set weighing 84 lbs. Of the hills with two sets (making three feet in the row) the best weighed 8 lbs. The largest potato weighed 28 oz.—JOHN WETHERLY, near Geneva, N. Y.

On the 20th of May last I planted one potato of the California variety, of ordinary size, with 20 eyes—put one eye in a hill. Soil, clay and a mixture of sand. Put a small shovelfull of bog manure in each hill and dropped the seed upon it. They came up with a good strong stalk and grew very rank. I hoed them twice. The two rows ran east and west, and the south row was considerably the best. I dug from the one potato planted two and three-eighths bushels, weighing 134 lbs.—L. H. ABELL, Galilee.

Soil, a sandy loam, unplowed for eight years. Broke it up the 10th of April, nine inches deep. I harrowed it both ways, and marked one way as deep as I could and not disturb the sod. I chose a Merino potato, from which I cut 60 eyes; planted the 25th of May, two eyes in a hill 34 feet apart, and manured in the hill with fine stable manure. As soon as they came up I run the cultivator through both ways, and dressed them out, but did not bill them, as I do not approve of billing corn or potatoes. This potato was planted in my cornfield and both were cultivated alike, keeping the ground well stirred with the cultivator and plow. The product dug on the 10th of Oct., was 2 bushels and 15 quarts, weighing 124 lbs.—JOS. M. HOWLAND, Macedon, N. Y.

I may not have the correct name for the variety I chose for this competition. They are a longish red potato, extensively raised here—some call them the Philadelphia Reds. Soil sandy loam. Manure, post-drette, one pint in a hill; cut one eye on a piece, and two pieces to the hill. Planted May 24th, and harvested Sept. 29th. Weighed when dry, and free from dirt, 334 lbs.—A. N. LANGDON, Verona, N. Y.

The variety I planted is called the Jenny Lind, or Wood Potato. It weighed two pounds. I cut it into thirty-two pieces, most of them having but one eye on them; the hills about three and a half feet. The soil, sandy loam; green-sward, plowed up the first day of June, and the potato planted the second day, with one shovelfull of weak barn-yard manure to a hill; hoed twice, and dug the 15th of October. Product 354 lbs., or 19 quarts. My object was to ascertain how much it would produce with ordinary rather than extraordinary culture.—JOEL MARBLE, Providence, R. I.

I cut my potato in fifteen pieces; put three pieces in a hill; planted June 1st; hoed once; dug the second day of October, one-half bushel, good rounding measure. The soil is rather a black loam. For the last three years I have adopted the plan of marking my potato ground with a corn-marker. I drop my potatoes on the ground and cover them. I have had no potato rot since I left off furrowing with the plow. The kind I selected was the Door-Yard potato.—T. B. STANTON, Jamestown, Oneida Co., N. Y.

On the 24th of May last, I cut a White Mercer potato in 47 pieces, and planted the pieces in a row about 12 inches apart. I manured this ground (which was a sandy loam) with a moderate portion of hog-pen manure, dug in with the spade, after which I put a sprinkling of guano along the row, before planting the potato. On the 26th of May, I also cut a common Mercer in 34 pieces and planted the pieces about 15 inches apart on the same kind of ground as the other, which was moderately manured with hog-pen manure and leached ashes, dug in as before, with a sprinkling of guano along the row before planting. The pieces were small, so I planted them shallow. After the potatoes were up I divided the sprouts where there was more than one in a place, and made some addition to the length of the row, but these were mostly backward and did not come to maturity. I hoed both kinds of potatoes several times through the summer with the hand-hoe, raising the ground a little about the roots, and twice while the plants were small put a little liquid manure about them. I dug the potatoes on the 15th of September, and had them weighed the same day—the White Mercer yielding 264 lbs., and the Common Mercer yielding 27 lbs., of clean potatoes.—NATHAN ELY, Lumberville, Bucks Co., Pa.

The variety chosen was the Merino, which I planted in a small spot in the garden without manure, as the ground was already tolerably rich. The soil is naturally a yellow loam with a subsoil of sand and gravel. The number of eyes on the potato was about twenty-five. I cut the potato into twenty-four pieces, and planted four pieces in each hill. The distance between each hill was about twenty inches. I planted the potato about the first of June and hoed them twice. I dug them about the first of October. The total weight was 194 lbs.—U. T. HOLMES, Columbus, N. Y.